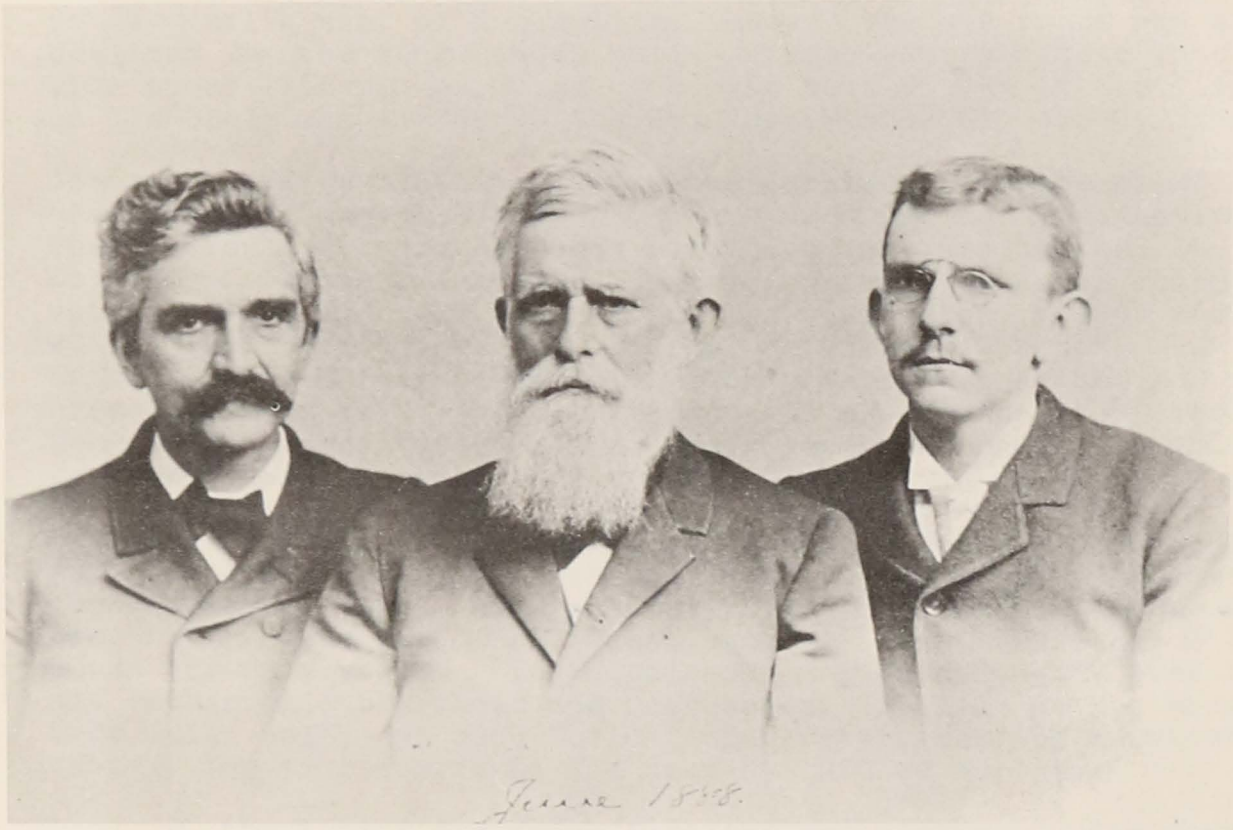
APR 22 1968

FLASHBACK *published by the*

WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

Volume 18 Number 2 | W. J. Lemke, editor | May, 1968



JUDGE JONAS M. TEBBETTS AND HIS SONS

Left to right: Hale Tebbetts, Jonas M. Tebbetts, Howard Tebbetts. The older son (Hale) was born in the Tebbetts' first log cabin home in Fayetteville. Howard was born in the Tebbetts House, now the Headquarters House on E. Dickson St. The photo was made in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 1888, and is used by courtesy of H. T. Galey of Neosho, Mo.

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FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

Vol. 18 No. 2 W. J. Lemke, editor May 1968

ODELL POST OFFICE AND SOME OLD CEMETERIES

by Burlene Hilton, Lincoln, Arkansas

The community known by all the old settlers as Odell is actually made up of an area extending from the old Dobbs cemetery, on the north, to the Liberty Hill cemetery on the south. Located in the remote hill country about 12 miles south of Morrow, Arkansas, and about 6½ miles east of Evansville. Many of the old roads are still outlined by the rock fences built by pioneers who came into the area about 1866 or earlier. The main part of the little village of old Odell was almost on the Crawford-Washington county line.

It is thought by old-timers that two Garrison brothers might have had the first general store in the community on the Washington county side of the line, then two Leach brothers, Nathan W. and William W. Leach, came into the area, put in a general store and established a post office. Nathan was postmaster in 1884 and Wm. W. in 1887; they named the office and village "Stop." One old settler says it was given this name because people had to stop here for their mail; another thought it was named "Stop" because the route stopped here. Quite a while later the route was extended to Old London or Rosedale on Cove Creek.

By this time, the Cuzick family had moved into the area and probably purchased one of the general stores; they became postmasters for a number of years. Thomas Clay Cuzick and his son Ruthus were thought to have had the largest general store this side of Van Buren for many years. Frank Cuzick, son of Ruthus, took over from his father as store owner and postmaster. William Ruthus married Emma Tyler Self, and Jane Cuzick, his sister, married Hezekiah W. Yancy. The Yancys were in the area by 1870 or earlier.

Many of the Cuzick and Yancy families are buried in the Liberty Hill cemetery. The Cuzick farm was right on the Washington-Crawford county line. The first school in the area was at the spot where the Liberty tower now stands. Some of the early teachers were Joseph and Raymond Dipboye. Joseph was also a lawyer and Arkansas representative in 1913-1915. Bilbra White of Skylight also taught here and was also a Justice of Peace and performed many weddings.

Mrs. Fanny Carte, daughter of Noah West (who related much of the Odell story) said Mr. White married her and Mr. Carte on horseback. Others who taught school were George Hagen, Finis Hardy of Evansville, Mrs. Ella Mount, Harrison Pearce. John Brock said that

some of the earliest settlers might have attended school at old Mountain Top Community, as he did. This community is about two miles west of the Liberty Tower area and southeast of Evansville.

Mrs. Fanny Carte mentioned that in the early days there were many public gatherings during the summer months. The main attraction at picnics was the swing, known as the merry-go-round, pulled by a mule. She stated that sometimes things would get out of control or a little rough when the men and boys began to feud or get too much to drink. At one picnic, when things were out of hand, Mrs. Cuzick, a highly respected woman who always wore a large black apron wherever she went, went out among the men and boys and gathered up an apron full of pistols and put an end to the feuding. There wasn't a minister in the area except as a circuit rider came by, so Sunday school, singings, and prayer meetings were led by two very devout men, Noah West and Ed Wilhite. They also conducted funerals when necessary.

Mr. Gainon Dobbs, whose father A. L. Dobbs was here as early as 1869, according to the tax records, was also a carpenter and made all the burial caskets. He covered them with black sateen and lined them inside with cotton and white muslin. J. F. Dobbs was the village blacksmith for many years as well as a farmer, and his sons took up the same trade until cars came into the community, then they began to do garage work. Willie, Denver and Leland Dobbs still live on the old Dobbs homesteads.

Thomas Jones who married Miriam Reed was another early store owner and carried the mail from Evansville to Stop, then on to Rosedale. During this time there were no mail boxes but mail was carried in oilcloth pouches and hung on a gate post or a tree in a designated place near the home of each patron. Thomas Jones' daughter Minnie married Frank Cuzick who was also the postmaster at one time. The nearest doctor was Dr. Mayo of Antioch community, known at one time as Pandora postoffice. Ruthus Cuzick pulled teeth for those in need of relief.

While Ruthus Cuzick was postmaster at Stop, he did not like the name, so later when the postoffice was moved across the line into Washington county, it was named "Odell." Bert Brock and Arthur Wilhite helped to move the postoffice. Arthur Wilhite became the postmaster in 1930-32, Robert Richey, 1932-34, Bert Brock, 1935, Mrs. Nora Brock, 1936-39, Mrs. Retha Rose, 1939-43, Mrs. Florence Harris, 1943-44, Mrs. Retha Rose, 1950-55, then the postoffice was discontinued.

Some of the early marriages were: Thomas C. Cuzick and Sally Dobbs in Dade County, Missouri, 1859; John F. Dobbs and Sally Yancy; Gainon Dobbs and Sarah Fain; Zaddie Dobbs and Abe Birdwell; Noah West married the sister of Joseph Dipboye.

The daughters of Noah West were Minnie, who married Jess Reeves; Cora, who married Walter Briggs; Edith, who married Jesse Tapp; Fanny, who married Fred Carte; Eva, who married James Monger; Nora, who married Will Pitts; and Lucy, who married Oscar Wilhite. Several lived in the Odell and Morrow areas for many years.

The children of Ruthus Cuzick: Frank, who married Minnie Jones; Thomas Oscar, who married Rachel Rozeller Rose; Walter R., who married Elizabeth Goldman, then Maggie Hamilton; Martha, who married Hugh Allen; Eugene, who married Martha Brock; Maude A., who married John Brock; and William E., who married Sallie Pierce.

Other pioneers were the families of A. L. Rather, Harris, Brocks, Collins, Rose and Whitehouse. The Harrises and Rathers were related by marriage also. Little is known about the many Browns buried in Liberty Hill. One of the Rather daughters married a Cox and is buried in Dunagan Cemetery near Evansville. So, as usual, most of the area families were related in some way through the years.

Liberty Hill Cemetery

The Liberty Hill Cemetery is located about a mile south of the Washington county line in Crawford county, right at the Liberty forestry tower and many Washington county residents are buried there. Earliest marker date is 1878 with the Yancy family, but there are about 100 sandstone markers which are very old and are probably the earliest. A beautiful cemetery on a hill and well-kept.

Mary Yancy Courtney	1850-1878
Mary Witt Yancy	1810-1892
Meridith Yancy	1803-1898
Oscar Arizonia Yancy	1883-1883
H. W. Yancy	1841-1890
Thomas Meridith Yancy	1879-1879
Sarah Elizabeth Cuzick	Nov. 20, 1885-May 9, 1921
Lee Cuzick	Nov. 12, 1911-July 14, 1913
Oscar Cuzick	June 22, 1882-Sept. 21, 1950
Rachel Rozeller Cuzick	Mar. 22, 1884-Aug. 18, 1961
Thomas C. Cuzick (age 82 years, 9 mos.)	1804-1886
Clay Lavon (son of Eugene Cuzick)	1936
William F. Collins	Feb. 22, 1862-Aug. 16, 1948
James M. Collins	July 4, 1875-May 16, 1958
Pvt. Sylvester Collins (WWI) W. Va.	1897-1943
Pvt. Jonah Collins (WWI) W. Va.	Mar. 28, 1899- May 15, 1954
Pvt. Forrest Collins (WWII)	June 8, 1912-Oct. 17, 1944
Jasper W. Bailey, Civil War soldier	
William M. Bailey (WWI)	1900-1956
S. W. Workman	1855-1926
Hannah, wife of S. W. Workman	1878-1961
Mae Cox	1908-1919
W. S. Cox	1864-1938
Sadie Cox	1867-1910
Vina Cox	1930
Dorothy Marie Cox	1942-1943
Alma Cox	1895-1913

William H. McFarland 1840-1913
Betty McAnelly, wife of John 1884-1901

Sylvonia, daughter of J. N. & P. V. Brown
May 18, 1878-1885
Rebecca, wife of W. T. Self 1861-1882
J. N. Brown Oct. 2, 1856-Apr. 23, 1919
Phoebe Brown, wife Oct. 12, 1860-Nov. 15, 1910
Don Meritt Higginbothan, died Oct. 12, 1882, age 2 yrs.
son of V. M. and Clara Higginbothan
B. J. Brown 1851-1898
Elisha Brown 1824-1898
Elizabeth W. Brown, wife of E. Brown 1826-1885

Elizabeth M. Goldman 1872-1920
W. M. Goldman 1865-1955
Rebecca I. Goldman 1865-1902
Merle Percy Golden 1924-1925
Ethel Mannan 1893-1895
Bell Mannan 1902-1903

Miriam Jones, wife of T. J. Jones 1856-1925
Nola M. Jones, wife of Edward 1883-1961
Edward S. Jones 1876-1937
Luther Jones 1888-1966

Shady Grove or Dobbs Cemetery

The Shady Grove cemetery is about six miles due south of Morrow, Ark. and is better known as the Odell community near the Crawford county line. This is a well-kept cemetery and many of the Dobbs family are buried there, and several members of the family still live in the Odell community.

The earliest burial was that of a small girl, but there is only a sandstone marker without date. Earliest dated stone is 1885.

Celie, wife of H. P. Dobbs May 10, 1865-Apr. 5, 1885
Lizzie A., dau. of H. P. and C. Dobbs
Nov. 24, 1884-Oct. 29, 1885
W. G. Dobbs 1853-1924
Sarah, wife of W. G. 1856-1934
John F. Dobbs 1883-1961
Sarah Frances Dobbs Aug. 12, 1889-Feb. 15, 1905
Lester, son of C. A. and Edna Dobbs
Mar. 31, 1931-July 28, 1932
Frances Dobbs Feb. 10, ?-Sept. 15, 1905

Cora Lee Sharp, dau. of H. A. and N. M. Sharp
Dec. 3, 1885-Oct. 29, 1886
Katie Jones May 8, 1870-Jan. 17, 1950
T. C. Crippin Dec. 9, 1874-1922
E. C. Millet Apr. 17, 1847-Dec. 30, 1918
Matilda Early 1860-1939
Lee S. Early 1863-1943

Zada Birdwell, daughter of Gainor Dobbs, wife of A. B. Birdwell 1871-1929
J. B. Birdwell June 3, 1838-June 11, 1920
George B. Rather, son of A. L. Rather Apr. 23, 1904-Mar. 9, 1920
A. L. Rather No Date
Sara Ann Rather Dec. 22, 1865-Mar. 24, 1930
D. P. Whitehouse (No date, and many other sandstone markers nearby are probably of the early Whitehouse family)
E. A. Garrison, earliest settler in Odell community and owned first store 1835-1887
Frances Garrison 1838-1920
William Garrison 1868-1919
G. W. Unger July 17, 1846-Apr. 27, 1911
Charles S. Unger Mar. 13, 1888-Mar. 29, 1913
Lavinia Fain, wife of J. Fain 1833-1886
William W. Rose 1890-1957

- w c h s -

PIONEER WEALTH: THE LEGEND OF TANDY KIDD

It was said of Tandy Kidd in years gone by that he was the wealthiest man in Washington county; but when arguments ensued, the area was reduced, and most agreed that he was, at least, the richest in the Cane Hill community. Mrs. Ellen Richardson, in her "Early Settlers of Cane Hill" wrote:

"The well-to-do Mr. Kidd was in the habit of burying his money---which fact was known to other people. Many and various were the tales told about the hiding places of this gold. If he had buried as much treasure as the old Captain himself, there wouldn't have been any more tales afloat. Even as late as the 80s there were rumors of digging done at night somewhere about the old Kidd homestead. Usually the site figuring in these tales was the old spring house, gone long ago, which was built by the spring farther north on the place. In spite of all the tales whispered about, the truth seems to be that he kept his money in the house, buried under the hearthstone."

Now, in 1968, a more modern bit of data seems to substantiate the rumor of Tandy Kidd's riches. Lacy McColloch, a descendant of the Cane Hill pioneers, now of the Washington, D. C. area, finds data from the 1860 census that includes this item:

"Tandy Kidd, 50, b. Virginia. Merchant. Real estate, $45,000; personal property, $54,000." That is pretty close to $100,000 in 1860 dollars. Lacy McColloch's research brought out the following comparison: some of Kidd's neighbors were well-fixed, but not up to the $100,000 level. Mark Bean's wealth was listed as $40,000; Thomas Lacy's at $40,000; James A. L. McColloch, $10,000; James B. Russell, $26,500. By contrast, Dr. Samuel McColloch had real and personal property in the value of $10,000 and Matthew W. McClellan owned values to $4,000.

"Sometimes no memory is left," muses Frank McConnell as he writes about the Civil War in the Washington county area. Of course, he notes, "At the Prairie Grove battlefield we see a building dedicated to the memory of General Hindman, the tall chimney that once was a part of the mill at Rhea; the buildings that once were at Vineyard; and the Morrow place on Cove Creek where Confederates camped overnight on their way from Van Buren.

"But we are prone to forget that on this hill on December 7, 1862 the Federal and Confederate troops were engaged in mortal combat. And one thing they forgot, or could not move to the Battlefield Park, was the Possum Holler road which leads from Evansville via Vineyard to the road south of Morrow (or, as some still love to call it, "Morrowtown"). Or the empty graves, remembered by Mrs. Nannie Foreman, as bodies were removed to be moved to Fayetteville to graves that will be forever unidentified.

"And the old road to Fayetteville, northwest of the battlefield, where there was once a house, and back of it another house with bullet holes made during the battle--these houses have been torn away. And in the old Rogers field, the writer found a lead charge in July 1904--lost by a soldier; but as the charger is lost, there is no memory."

- w c h s -

Mrs. Kate H. Bates Parker, Box 371, San Augustine, Texas has always been free to write her thoughts about the WCHS and its staff and publications. Now she writes: "I really appreciate Flashback.... I hope Mr. Lemke is quite all right. I have a soft spot in my heart for Arkansas... My paternal great grandfather came to Washington county in 1829. My grandfather, Joseph Young Bates, was born at Cane Hill in 1839, joined the 34th Arkansas Infantry and was a participant in many battles...Prairie Grove, Pea Ridge, and others..."

- w c h s -

If you are looking for family records you may want to get in touch with Mrs. Gerald L. McLane, 112 Leach Street, Hot Springs, Ark. 71901. She has accumulated a great deal of research material and has published the Index to the Census of Arkansas for 1830 and 1840, and has the entire Census of 1850 for Arkansas by counties. Write her for information on the list of available publications and the cost of each.

- w c h s -

Mailing your Flashback: We are required, by postal rules, and in order to save postage costs, to sort the pieces according to postal zones (zip codes) into 34 separate stacks, then each stack has to be tied and labeled into convenient-sized bundles. And carried to the postoffice platform and unloaded onto a truck. All to keep annual dues down to $3.00.

- w c h s -

MARION TEBBETTS BAYNES

Marion Tebbetts Baynes, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Jonas M. Tebbetts, recorded everything her parents told her about the family's Arkansas period, including much information about the building of the Tebbetts House, now the home of the Washington County Historical Society.

JUDGE JONAS M. TEBBETTS

(The second installment of the Tebbetts story as written by his daughter and made available by a Tebbetts grandson, Ted Galey. Continued from the February issue of Flashback. Note cover and accompanying pictures.)

As much as Father loved Mother, he did not like her name--Matilda, meaning "Great Battle Maid."

"Think of calling you a great battle maid, with your soft voice and gentle manner," he said. "Your family call you Till, but I have always thought of you as Mat, my dear Mat, and that is what I shall call you, with your permission."

In retaliation, she hunted out the meaning of his name, and laughed merrily when she found that Jonas meant "a dove."

"Think of you being a soft-eyed little dove! I am going to change your name, too. I am," giggling, "going to call you Jone, if for no other reason than to keep from thinking of a whale every time I speak to you."

So, with new appellations, Father and Mother started out on a new life and on getting acquainted with each other.

The marriage of these two brought together the extremes of American social life. While both claimed English extraction, and both traced their lineage far back of the earliest days of American history, they were as different as the points of the compass from which they sprang. Father, born of a strong, intellectual class of men and women--teachers, preachers and business men who, though entitled to a coat of arms from England, left that for younger generations while they fought the rigors of climate and hardships of pioneer life, as they added their bit to the making of New England history. And Mother, coming from the very essence of old Virginia aristocracy.

Father's family were not Quakers when he was born, and when a Quaker crept into the line is not known, but he remembered that his father said thee and thou when speaking to his own father, though he himself was a Presbyterian. With a Quaker strain in the offing and New England Presbyterianism at hand, Sunday, which began at 6 P. M. on Saturday and lasted until six o'clock Sunday, was a terrible time for Father. By Saturday night all work stopped--farm implements carefully housed, animals fed, bread and pies baked, meat and bean pots carefully stored, so as to save work on Sunday, and a sabbatical solemnity settled over the household. No light reading, no singing, except hymns, no playing in the moonlight, no loud speaking or bodily exertion to ease an overload of exuberant life, was permitted. To hop was a sin, and Father thought a skip must certainly be damnation.

Sunday morning the men went out and fed the animals silently. The bean pot did good service for breakfast, and then came church and

a long sermon. Again the bean pot and cold meat and pie for dinner and then church and another long sermon; and, at long last, after long, eager waiting, six o'clock came. Father said he used to kick and squeal for an hour after, just to wear off the effect of silence and inaction.

With such a combination of Quakerism and New England Presbyterianism of the old school back of him, probably one must look to his mother, Anne Roberts Tebbetts, half French Hugenot and beautiful--Father hardly remembered her, but he always called her beautiful--for much of the charm of mind and manner that made him a favorite with all who knew him. Tall, slender, immaculate in dress, a trifle formal in address, he was courteous to the point of saying "elum tree" if the person to whom he was talking used that form of pronunciation for the word "elm tree."

Aside from being deeply in love with him, Mother was interested, in kind of an ethnological way. Most of the men she had known in her short life were principally her cousins and their friends who congregated at Grandfather Buckner's farm.

Grandfather William Buckner had done a bit of pioneering himself, having come to Kentucky from Virginia while still young, and, after serving in the Revolutionary Army, he was appointed in 1783 as Deputy County Surveyor of Kentucky. (See History of the County Court of Lincoln County, Virginia (now Kentucky) in Kentucky Register page 170, Volume 20, page 59. Deputy Surveyor William Buckner.)

He was a near relative of President Madison, was indeed raised in the elder James Madison family, and after Madison became President he was appointed surveyor general of Kentucky. The state was sectionized under his authority by a firm of engineers known as Knox and Taylor and large grants of land were allotted him. He first settled up by Fort Harrod, the first fort in the state, and when he married Elizabeth Robards, furniture and other household effects and negroes were sent him from Virginia--some of the things from the Madison family still being treasured by members of the family.

Finding the rich bluegrass soil of central Kentucky not conducive to the growth of strong Virginia tobacco, he moved his household and slaves down into the Green River country--Green County, now divided into Green and Taylor counties, his land lapping into each county. (This was before Burley tobacco, the child of the Blue Grass, was discovered.)

There he set up a large estate in kind of a patriarchal way--the children and grandchildren of his large family being welcome at any time to come and stay as long as they wanted.

There Mother, whose mother was dead, spent much of her childhood, going to school in Greensburg but coming back to the farm in summer, where she found a special black maid, a horse and saddle and bridle that no one could command but herself, awaiting her. That was to protect her from the inroads of the older cousins, who came and went at will.

The men's quarters were in the yard, well away from the main residence, and was cared for by one of the older colored women on the place. Neither Mother nor any of the other girls were supposed to go near the quarters--hardly to look in that direction, though often could be heard the orders, coming from the different inmates.

"Ho! Jim, saddle Firefly and bring her around; and say, be ready to jump up behind. I want you to care for her while I am in town."

Or, "Snub, have you finished cleaning my riding boots? Hurry up!"

Again, "Jack, get out my fishing rod and tell Aunt Mandy to put up a snack for two, and say, you might tell her to put in a bone or two for you. I want you to go along to take care of the horses."

Still again, in a milder tone, for they all loved Aunt Dilcy, she had nursed most of them at times, "Have you washed that shirt yet? I shall want it tonight."

There seemed to be no law or order about the place, but all went on well. As they sat and talked, Father picked up Mother's soft, white hand and said, "It looks so helpless. Do you think you can make a loaf of bread?"

The answer came quick and firm, "I am sure I could, though I have never tried."

Still turning her hand, he found some needle-pricks. "Oh," she said, "I can sew. That is one of my accomplishments. Besides, at Miss Sawyer's school it is one of the most important departments, because of the large number of Indian girls who do not even know how to thread a needle. She has the best and most earnest teachers in needlework. Besides plain sewing, they teach rolling and whipping and hemstitching and two-by-two gathering and felling, besides feather-stitching and such things. And," continued Mother, "I can knit.

"All the girls that came to the farm had to spend so much time, each morning, knitting socks and stockings for the darkies. It was a question sometimes how all would be supplied. You know, Grandpa had a big place and a lot of people around--a hundred or more, young and old. The wool and hemp and flax necessary for clothing were grown on the place and every cabin had a spinning wheel or loom in it, and the negro women made the cloth. Hemp for the men's shirts and children's clothes, and a cotton cloth, a kind of jean, for the older ones. These women make beautiful rag rugs, too, and yarn carpets and linen sheets and wonderful bed spreads and such things. All the coloring is done by them, too. Did you ever notice that every sugar loaf has a deep purple thick paper wrapper within the outside wrapper? That is always carefully saved for coloring time, for it makes one of the finest tints---a clear deep purple, that with cochineal and other things works out beautifully.

"The negro men are trained to many vocations, too---carpenters, blacksmiths, shoe mending and so on. Besides the lot of them who work in the fields raising the big tobacco crop.

"Butter and eggs? Did you suppose Grandpa would let butter and eggs be sold from the farm? He said small farmers needed the income from such things; besides, everything of that kind could be used on the place. No. He didn't sell butter and eggs. He sold one crop. Grandpa sold tobacco.

"It was a great day when the big crop was cured and put on wagons to be sent to Greensburg where it was loaded on flatboats and sent down Green River, on its way to the New Orleans markets. Everyone on the place knew that he would get a present of some kind when the men came home. A calico dress for the women, store goods for shirts for the men or bandana handkerchiefs for the young men and some trifle for the children, and loads and loads of stick candy for all.

"Though that horde of Virginians that rushed into the new state after the Revolution kept up, in a way, the social traditions of the older south, the country was too new, and fighting the hardships of pioneer life too strenuous to insist on formal recognition of all its ins and outs. For instance, Gramma Buckner's sister Sallie--Sallie Robards--married John Jewett who, before coming to Kentucky, was a central figure in the Colonial Assembly of Virginia, delegate to the Constitutional Convention and held other posts of honor in early times. (Page 148, History of Mercer and Boyle Counties by Maria T. Daviess.)

"He had many sons, much land and very little money. Not enough to send all the boys to college, and a classical education, from his standpoint, was necessary. So, he called the boys together and explained the situation, saying that he could make a gentleman of but one of them, and for them to decide by vote which one it would be. This they did, and it was decided that Matthew should go to Transylvania at Lexington, Ky. and take his classical and law course while Henry Clay was professor in the law department. He graduated, but a "paint brush and pencil had itched his hand" since childhood and he could not allay the malady; so, with family opposition and discouragement of many kinds, and poverty against him, he became the famous portrait painter, Matthew Jewett.

(Matthew Jewett, son of John Jewett, portrait painter. He who owns a Jewett now ranges it on the wall with his copies of the gems of the old masters.--Page 148, History of Mercer and Boyle Counties by Maria T. Daviess.)

"That did not mean that the other Jewett boys were not gentlemen in the ordinary acceptation of the word, but they had to work, while Matthew had funds provided for his collegiate and law courses.

"The boys of our family are pretty well educated. (No mechanics as far back as the family lines go.) Those who do not become gentlemen farmers study a profession, law or medicine, at Transylvania. Grampa thought it one of the greatest schools in the country. He said no young man need go north for an education, when he has at Lexington an institution that can train such orators as Thomas M. Marshall and Richard M. Menafie; and have as instructors

such men as Henry Clay, Horace Hollery and the scientist, Constantine Rofinesque; and an alumnus including such names as Cassius M. Clay, Stephen Austin; and a board of trustees made of such men as Isaac Shelby, General George Rogers Clark, Robert Patterson, John Bradford, editor of Kentucky Gazette, and so on.

"Then there is Bacon College that was moved from Georgetown to Harrodsburg in 1839 and Center College that the Presbyterians established at Danville about 1819. Grampa said any one of these institutions furnish as complete a classical course as Yale or Harvard, without the traditions nd local coloring, of course."

Mother continued: "The long rows of cabins at Grampa's had gardens back of them where all kinds of vegetables could be raised, and the negroes could have chickens, but their principal food was bacon, pork of some kind, and corn bread and molasses--plenty of molasses. That was their principal sweet.

"Yes, of course the meat was raised on the farm--raised and butchered. 'Hog Killing Time' was a great event. Of course, in Kentucky climate they had to wait for a favorable spell of weather--dry and cold. Everything was ready for it when it came, because a warm south wind might spring up any time, so they worked quick and fast.

"I remember the wagons coming in filled with hogs that had been killed and dressed and cooled the day before--all lying on their backs on clean cloths spread on the wagon beds, their poor little feet pointing up in the air, stiff and stark. One could hardly believe them to be the same dirty grunters that had eaten corn and slops, and reposed in mud with such satisfaction.

"Everything being ready, expert men began cutting up the hogs--the hams, shoulders, side meat; and tearing great slabs of 'leaf lard' from the inside and throwing it in a tub by itself while others carefully trimmed the fat from hams, shoulders and other parts, for another tub to be sent out to the women in the yard, managing the great iron kettles in which it was to be rendered into lard. The 'leaf lard' makes the finest lard and was usually kept separate. Then there were the back bones and spareribs and heads, from which were carefully cut the joles for 'jole and turnip greens' in the spring, the rest going into head cheese and souse. Of the livers and kidneys and 'small meat', the hands expected to make a glorious middday meal, together with corn dodgers, and with a looking ahead to 'crackling bread' when the lard was completed. Even the tails were a dainty to those husky workers; and the feet dish especially when the glutinous water in which they were boiled was made into a delectable wine jelly.

"When it came to seasoning the sausage, Gramma usually put on a big checked apron, and went out to oversee the putting in of salt and black pepper and red pepper, and especially the sage. It is so easy to put in too much sage, when a thoroughly seasoned sausage has only a suspicion of it. The lean trimmings, not too lean, had been put by themselves and soon could be heard men at the meat blocks, busy with hammer and ax and sometimes smooth round stones,

breaking the mass of meat into condition, so the bare-armed women could work the seasoning in evenly. (This was before the day of sausage grinders.) Some of it was packed down in big stone crocks with melted lard poured over to keep the air out for future use.

"Those big kettles are used for other things besides making lard. There is a good deal of waste fat at hog killing time, besides the waste about the kitchen, used frying fat, ham bones and such things, that have been saved for making soap. After the meat had been carefully put down in salt and things cleaned up, the big, strong greenwood ash-hoppers were watered, to leach the lye from the ashes. Dry wood ashes do not make good lye, so the greenwood ashes had a separate hopper and when the lye from that is strong enough to 'skin a chicken feather' it is strong enough to make good soap. The women used to make barrels of soft soap and 'cake soap' to use about the house and kitchen.

"Those kettles were used, too, to make hominy and again the lye came into use. The first boiling of the corn being in lye to remove the husk.

"A little girl standing around learns a lot of things. I remember, too, other preparations for winter feeding: the great mounds in the garden, in which reposed bushels and bushels of potatoes, and wagonloads of apples, and great heads of cabbage snuggled down in clean straw below the frost line, and then covered with earth. I wish I had one of those old earthy, winesap apples right now. The parsnips, beets, carrots and turnips were left in the ground, with a little grass thrown over; the sweet potatoes were kept in the warmest place in the cellar. They can't stand even being chilled.

"You see, Jone, how wise I am? Now you tell me what you did up in that frozen north?"

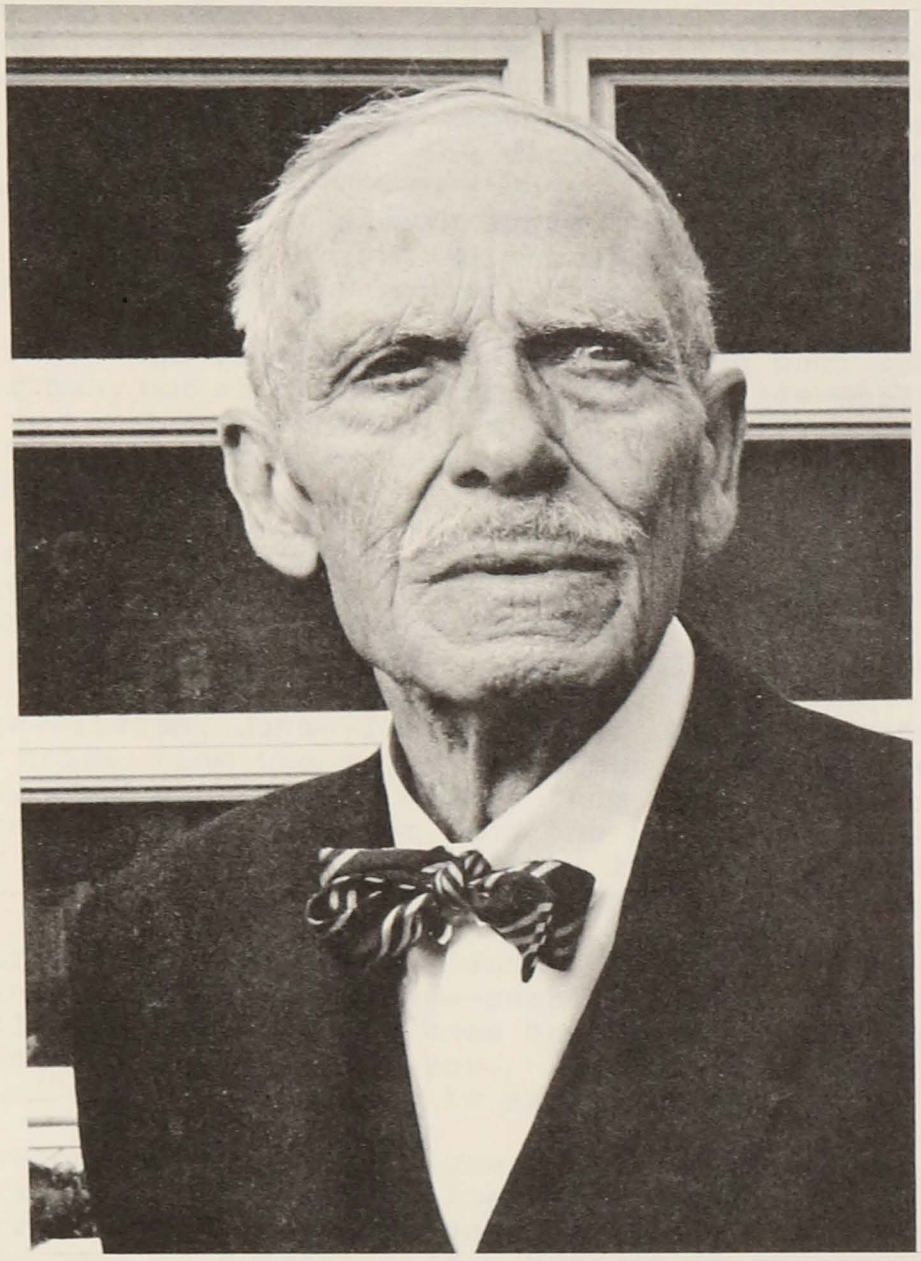
Laughingly, Father said he could remember little but the vinegar and cider barrels and the pies. In the yard, he said, there was a big brick bake oven, where bread enough for a week could be baked at one time or dozens of pies. Late in the fall there was a "pie day" when everybody seemed busy making pies, dried apple turnovers and so on. After baking they were frozen and packed down in that state and thawed out as needed during the winter.

"Grampa was kind to his slaves," continued Mother, "and he tried to have kind and considerate overseers, but sometimes things happened that set me thinking.

"One of the cousins that came in the summer was not a favorite. She was a great belle, very handsome and always beautifully dressed. They say she spent a thousand dollars on her clothes every winter, before going to Louisville or Memphis. She hasn't a very sweet disposition.

"One day while she was walking through the yard, one of the little black children ran against her and nearly threw her down, and she became so angry that she kicked the child and slapped her. When

GRANDSON OF JUDGE JONAS M. TEBBETTS



Homer Tebbetts Galey of Neosho, Mo.

It is through the courtesy of Mr. Galey that we are able to publish the Tebbetts family history. He is the historian of the family and has many old records. As our readers know, the house that his grandfather built on E. Dickson St., Fayetteville, is now the headquarters of our county historical society. One of our members, Ernie C. Deane, took the picture of Mr. Galey and secured the loan of the valuable old records in his possession.

the little thing's mother heard her scream, she came running and said, 'Oh, Miss Sallie, don't hurt my baby.' Already angry, this so infuriated the girl that she called the overseer who was passing and told him to give the woman a good thrashing for dictating to her.

"The man demurred, but the incensed girl stamped her foot and insisted that he must. That was years ago when I was little, but I saw it all. When the overseer raised his arm to strike the woman, I sprang at him and caught his arm, but not in time to keep that terrible whip from lashing down on the poor creature's shoulders. And she just stood and took it. She didn't cry out or move. She just took it, like a cowed, whipped dog. But what could she do? When he raised his arm to strike again, I hung on to him and screamed so loud that it attracted the attention of someone at the house, and he came and put a stop to the unseemly thing.

"When the overseer had taken his reprimand and the poor woman with her frightened baby had slunk off to her cabin, Sallie still stood, having taken her rebuke defiantly, and I was still sobbing from excitement, when she said, 'What are you making such a fuss about? She's just a nigger.'

"'I don't care,' I said, 'what she is. You hurt her, and she couldn't fight back. You are a coward to fight something that can't fight back. She just had to stand there and take it because she is a slave. If ever I have a slave, I will set her free.'

"And now, Jone--listen, Jone--I have three. When Grampa's estate was settled, aside from the money and other things, I got three negroes. They took poor little Harris from his mother and sent him way out here, and I have Tom, and the Stirmans have his wife and children, and I live up here and they live at Norristown; and there is Amy--Aunt Amy--and what am I to do?"

"Why, you poor little girl," said Father, taking her in his arms, "you are crying. Don't, don't cry--poor little abolitionist--got a lot of little niggers and don't know how to play with them. No, no, dear, I am not making fun of you. You have touched a serious question, and I am wondering what to say about it.

"Of course, being in a slave state you can't set them free without sending them into a free state. They have nowhere to go and no money and no education. They are yours. You are responsible for them and would have to support them. Suppose we compromise. Let us send and have Harris brought up here. We will take good care of him and teach him to black my boots, and we will leave Tom with Dr. Stirman for the time being. I think he can make use of him. And Amy--you said you couldn't make bread. You don't want us to starve, do you? We will need her to feed us, and help start us out at housekeeping, and we will do the best we can for her and all of them, and so let us let the matter rest for the present, and I am sure everything will come out all right."

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HOMECOMING PLANNED FOR CANE HILL

The letter which follows came to your Washington County Historical Society from a member. Which reminds us that someone called not long ago and asked about getting a new post to hold the sign at the old Cane Hill Mill south of town at the roadside park. It seems that the concrete post had been "vandalized" and the sign for which our members paid some $175 lay on the ground. So we are all in favor of "clean-up, fix-up and plant-up" for anything that will impress Cane Hill history on the minds and hearts of the to-day-generation. And so we reprint this letter for all to see--and act.

* * * * *

Cane Hill, Arkansas 72717
January 21, 1968

Dear Friends of Cane Hill:

Since I moved back to Cane Hill, three years ago, I have had many dreams of what I would like to see in Cane Hill. One dream has already come true when I leased the old Cane Hill College building and grounds and had two-week-long camps for girls in music, art and crafts.

Another dream is for a Homecoming for Cane Hill. After talking with several, we have decided to have it Saturday, August 17, 1968 and make it a Pioneer Day also, with a parade, arts and crafts exhibits, entertainment, programs, and anything for a day full of fun and enjoyment.

There will be projects for money-making such as an Apron and Bonnet Shop (anyone may donate one or more for sale), Cane Hill Pantry (canned foods, preserves, jellies, etc. may be donated for sale), Cane Hill Market where fresh vegetables and fruits may be donated for sale, and many others.

Proceeds from these projects are to be used to build a nice fence around the cemetery and begin to beautify it, and to help restore the school building.

There will be many people come to Cane Hill August 17th, who have never been here before. We have many places of interest for people to see, so let's make 1968 "A Clean-up, Fix-up and Beautify Cane Hill" year. Let's plant more flowers--share with your neighbor any surplus flowers or shrubs you may have.

We would like for everyone to have a part in this. It will mean so much to Cane Hill. If you are interested in helping, please contact Mrs. Myrtle Bullington, Cane Hill, Arkansas 72717, telephone: Area Code 501, 824-5346--or me. We shall keep you posted as plans progress. If you have suggestions, please let us know.

Sincerely,
ARAMINTA RICHARDSON, Chairman
Telephone: Area Code 501, 824-3358

SULPHUR CITY

by F. M. McConnell

The sulphur spring, after which Sulphur City was named, produces very little water. That, no doubt, is the reason why efforts to make a health resort there resulted in failure. At one time the town was laid out into lots and a number sold. Stores were established, and a spring-house was built. These are gone now and some of the lots became part of the Harvey F. Head and the J. Harrison Laymon farms. Other lots, where stores were built, are now part of the Austin Reed place.

The community first became well-known as Sulphur Springs. At one time those who lived there tried to get a post office with that name. However, it was found that Arkansas already had a Sulphur Springs, so the name "Mankins" was selected. That did not last long, and it soon became Sulphur City.

The sulphur springs branch empties into Middle Fork river after flowing between the Pete Mankins and the Johnson Crawford farms--the river and the bottom land being about a mile from the spring. The branch is fed by springs on the McCuistion, the Tucker, the Morrison and other places. It is quite a branch before it passes the sulphur spring. Cattle have been seen sipping sulphur water; actually, one or two animals can sip the sulphur water faster than it flows from the spring. They must have known that it was good for them, and from this we may have concluded that it was good for us. Later on, after the spring-house was built, school children used to go there after school and drink the sulphur water. Some people do not like it, as they say it tastes like rotten eggs.

Well, that kind of an egg never had much appeal, but after an egg has lain in the nest in the barn loft before it is gathered, then taken to a country store and then hauled four hours over a bad road, to be sold to a produce house, then to a restaurant, there is not much wonder that no matter how eggs are ordered, most always they come up scrambled.

Speaking of eggs, a merchant at Sulphur City was buying some eggs brought to the store by a country girl. He noticed that some of them did not appear to be hen eggs, causing him to ask a question about it. The girl who had brought them was strictly honest, but she had a sort of speech impediment, causing her to say that some of them were "guth eggs", meaning duck eggs. A local wit, named Tilden, overheard the conversation, and from that day on she became well-known as "Guth-eggs" Smythe, or whatever her name might have been.

There are a number of springs at Sulphur City. There is the sulphur spring, and just a few steps away is the warm spring. The alkali spring is less than a half mile northeasterly, and about a half mile north is the limestone spring which was used to furnish water for the old school. It is now used to supply a pond on the Austin Reed place, which is the old Head place. It might be possible to learn what is back of these springs if we did not spend so much money trying to get to the moon.

The first store at Sulphur City was established in 1876 by Johnson Crawford. Others were the Laymon & Head store, facing east, on the west side of the old Elkins road, the Harvey F. Head store, facing west, on the east side of the old Elkins road; then a larger store facing south was later built by George W. VanHoose for Harvey F. Head, west of the other Head store, which was then used as a warehouse. There was also a blacksmith shop on the south side of the road. Later, the blacksmith shop was torn away and a store built there. The post office was also moved to this location, but was discontinued long ago. However, we still have our Zip Code. The spring-house, evaporator, blacksmith shop, school and all the old stores are now gone. Perhaps, some day, someone will build a new spring-house, for the sulphur spring is still there, and it is much better than LSD or LBJ for rheumatism.

Owners of old stores and lots were Johnson Crawford, Clark L. Burchett, Laymon & Head, Harvey F. Head, and others.

Among those who taught school at the old school house were John A. Whitmore, Samuel C. Rutherford, John L. McConnell and Emmett L. Morris. The old school was last used in 1903, and the new school was first used in 1904.

We recall early blacksmiths Jim Colcleasure, Chris Hoffmeister, David Hood and Enos P. Mills.

Oldtimers were Peter Mankins, Johnson Crawford, Clark L. Burchett, George W. Van Hoose, Wylie Barnes, Robert R. Scott, J. W. Tucker, J. F. McCuistion, J. A. Morrison, Joseph Williams, Robert Harris, Hugh Laymon, Harrison Laymon, S. M. Boaz, W. Y. Ramsey, Aaron Hanna, H. C. Reese, John Grebe, One Holesaple, and others. All of these are now gone.

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Ardys Moore Crapo, Box 655, LaHabra, Calif. lists the generations of her family who were in Washington county. Included were families of: Hester, Moore, Painter, Phelan, Rogers, Sutton, Stevenson and Wilson. She writes that she has a number of old letters, pictures and school groups.

We are always interested, though it is not always possible to use the items sent to us. We are glad to have pictures, too, but it is possible to use an average of only a half dozen per Flashback. We try to make copies of those of historical value; and we try to safeguard the old pictures entrusted to our care. But generally it will be best to send copies of valuable letters or papers, diaries, etc., and photo copies of rare pictures. It leaves less chance for pictures to be lost in the long route from you to us, to the photographer, to the office and sometimes to the printer, and back to you.

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THE BATTLE OF FAYETTEVILLE

An eye-witness account by Capt. E. B. Harrison

An address by a Union veteran at the dedication of a tablet commemorating the battle. The marker, placed at the southeast corner of College Avenue and East Dickson Street in June, 1926 was given by the Mildred Lee Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, in honor of the Confederate soldiers who died there.

At the same time the address was given, Captain Harrison recalled the town of Fayetteville as it had been in his young manhood, at the time of the war. In a future issue, Flashback will publish this account of the town as it was 100 years ago. E. B. Harrison was an active citizen, civic leader, banker and hardware merchant for more than a half century. He died December 29, 1932.

The dedicatory address follows:

At the time of the battle and for some months previous the 1st Arkansas cavalry, then the only armed force in Fayetteville, was camped on the hillside extending from where my house now stands, west toward Highland Avenue.

At that time, I was second Lieutenant of Company C., but being on extra duty as mustering officer and not being required to stay in camp, I was rooming in the south wing of the Baxter house which, at that time, was occupied by the family of Col. Joe Davis of Missouri. My brother, Col. LaRue Harrison, was occupying the Tebbetts home with a portion of his staff.

About daybreak on the morning of April 18th I was awakened by an unusual noise, and hastily dressing, I opened the east door of my room and to my consternation saw near the back of the lot a column of Confederate cavalry. It is needless to say that I hurriedly shut the door and made my getaway through the front door down to College Avenue.

My first thought was of my brother, and intending to get to him by way of the rear, I saw him coming through the lot and together we hurried to the camp of the regiment. We found the men getting into their clothing, gathering arms and ammunition, while the officers were getting the men into order. Col. Harrison at once took command and very quickly the men (less than four hundred, for half the regiment was on scout or escort duty) were marched to position in the rear of the Tebbetts house and the dense hedge that surrounded it.

A squad of men under Capt. Robb was dispatched to form an outpost in the field not far from the Davidson house, while a party was stationed behind the foundation walls where the Van Horn school had been burned and where other walls stood, where Prof. B. N. Wilson now lives. We were using the large brick smokehouse in the rear of the Van Horn lot as an arsenal, and Jim Bell, a private of Company I, was stationed there to notify us if any attempt was made to capture our supplies.

General Cabell brought with him one piece of artillery, and after marching up the valley to the rear of the Baxter house, halted his men while the cannon was put in position, above the big spring, from which point he began the battle. The first shot entered the cellar of the Baxter home where Sallie Yeater (afterward my wife) her mother, sister-in-law, and Mrs. Davis, her sister and her four daughters, had taken refuge. This cannon ball was a fuse shell, but fortunately for the terrified women and children a heavy board partition checked its force and it dropped into a kettle of lye, extinguishing the fuse and preventing the explosion of the shell, thereby saving the lives of the huddled women and children. The second and last shot passed over the higher ground and in falling crashed through the body of Jim Bell at the arsenal.

At this point, the battle raged with fury for several hours, but with no apparent advantage to either side, during which time Lt. Col. Bishop, with a party of men, took position in the vacant lot where the John R. Harris home now stands, and for a time engaged the enemy in a heated skirmish, during which Capt. Johnson received a shot in the left arm, shattering the bone. About this time, and while the battle was at its height, Col. Harrison directed me to notify Capt. Robb to bring up his reserves from the McGarrah field. Returning from this trip, and when near a large tree that stood at the north corner of what is now the John Reed lot, I saw coming over the rise in front of the Tebbetts house a charge of cavalry so splendid in its bearing, so daring in its on-rush, that the memory of it is as fresh in my mind as if it were but yesterday. Hastily seeking partial protection behind the tree, I looked with wonder, as well as admiration, upon that splendid body of horsemen as they swept down Dixon Street, and while the missiles of death were singing about me, there came to me the words of the inspired Tennyson as he told of the Charge of the Light Brigade: "Into the jaws of death, Into the mouth of hell, Rode the six hundred."

As this splendid body of cavalry came thundering down Dixon Street and when nearing College Avenue, they were met by a fire from the Federal soldiers behind the foundation wall, so deadly that the most heroic could not face it, and turning the corner onto College Avenue, the column moved on and disappeared by way of the lot where the Christian Church now stands. With their disappearance, the battle that had raged with such fury almost the entire Sunday forenoon, ended and soon after, Gen. Cabell's army was on its retreat towards Van Buren, leaving at the corner a number of their dead and wounded.

The incidents of that tragic scene are fresh in my memory, for while I stood by the tree as the cavalrymen came thundering down the road, many falling from their mounts, one horse (evidently wounded to its death) turned and with a terrific leap cleared the high plank fence and fell dead in the Baxter lot, carrying his rider with him, who, though evidently wounded, freed himself from the dead horse and made his way around the house. As soon as the retreating squadron had disappeared from view, I, with several of my comrades, hastened to the corner where the dead and wounded

were lying, and it was my good fortune to help them to a more comfortable position, bringing them water from a nearby well. Those, with others who were unable to continue the retreat, were taken to our hospital where they were cared for by our surgeons.

We have met to unveil a tablet placed here in commemoration of the conflict that raged so fiercely on that Sunday morning, and while you ladies of MILDRED LEE CHAPTER are paying to the fallen heroes of the Southern army the tribute of love and tears, would it be presumptuous of me to ask you to join with me in a word of praise to those other Americans who, under the skillful generalship of their heroic leader, turned into victory a battle that at its beginning seemed destined to end in defeat.

The sun is no brighter today than on that Sunday morning so long ago when the people of this quiet hamlet were awakened by the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry and the shouts of conflicting armies. Then the country was torn by Civil War, hearts were bleeding for loved ones who could never return, homes were laid waste, and all over this beautiful Southland its fertile fields were made a barren waste by the cyclone of a cruel and useless war.

How different it is today--the same sun shines on a land united, prosperous and happy. That this may continue through all the centuries to come, is the prayer of every loyal heart in all our blessed land.

I have no record of the number killed of General Cabell's force; to the best of my recollection it must have numbered over twenty, and not far from forty wounded and left on the field. On the Union side, five enlisted men of the First Arkansas Cavalry were killed, and one of the First Arkansas Infantry. No officers were killed, but three were wounded, one severely. A few enlisted men were wounded, none severely. The killed were as follows:

Ruben Burrows	Company A, First Cavalry
Jonas Riddell	Company A, First Cavalry
Lucian Amos	Company H, First Cavalry
Geo. W. Davis	Company H, First Cavalry
James D. Bell	Company I, First Cavalry
John Shackley	Company H, First Infantry

Col. Harrison's report was made the day after the battle (official report to Gen. S. E. Curtis, commanding the department) gives the number of Confederate soldiers killed left in our hands as about twenty, the number severely wounded left in our hands as about forty enlisted men and one officer (Capt. Griffin of Bentonville). The slightly wounded (if any) were taken away by the command and retreated. The dead were buried and the wounded were taken to our hospital where they were cared for by our surgeons.

- w c h s -

ROMANCE BORN OF A BATTLE

by Lila Harrison

(Editor's Note: This story, by the late Lila Harrison, is a companion piece to the story of the Battle of Fayetteville, as told by Captain E. B. Harrison, in the speech dedicating the marker in memory of the Confederate Soldiers who fought in the Battle of Fayetteville.

(These stories come to the Washington County Historical Society through the courtesy of Mr. Arthur J. Sykes, nephew of Lila Harrison and administrator of her estate. He was a student in the University of Arkansas more than fifty years ago, and a frequent visitor in the homes of Captain and Mrs. Harrison, and Ralph and Lila Harrison.)

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A romance was born in the wake of the April 18, 1862 Battle of Fayetteville that was destined to last for sixty-five years--a romance between a beautiful Southern girl and a Yankee captain whom she thought she hated. She hated the handsome officer who had come to serve the Northern army in Fayetteville. She could not think of enough ways to despise him in the daytime; she even lay awake nights hating the terrible Yankee.

The girl was Sallie Yeater, a handsome, dashing young lady from Osceola, Missouri. At that time, Missouri was in the midst of the conflict. Because of divided sympathies between North and South, some having Southern leanings came down into Arkansas. Sallie's father was away in the Southern army; his store was burned by the Northern sympathizers. Fearing to lose everything, the dark-eyed rebel daughter concealed what she could of the family gold about her person, and accompanied by her mother and two Negros, journeyed to Fayetteville on horseback.

At that time, two rambling houses, exactly alike, faced each other on Dickson Street. One was the headquarters of the Union commander, Col. M. LaRue Harrison and his staff. The other house was occupied by Joe Davis, ex-Missourian. And in it, Captain E. B. Harrison, brother of the Colonel, had his quarters in the south wing. It was to this very house that Sallie Yeater and her mother came to stay "for the duration." Thereby hangs my tale.

From the first, Captain Harrison secretly admired the high-spirited young Southern girl. He liked the fearless way she rode a horse; the dark curls; and her bright eyes that looked so coldly through him. He did not like the sharp retort that was her reply to any pleasantries from him. But how could a man, born in Connecticut, and wearing the hated blue uniform, expect kindness from one whose father was fighting for the Confederate cause and suffering hardships and hunger right then?

Then on Sunday, April 18, 1863 the battle broke out. It raged for several hours, "with no apparent advantage to either side," Capt.

Harrison recalled more than fifty years later. But the very first cannon ball crashed into the cellar of the Davis house where Sallie Yeater, her mother Mrs. Davis, and four children had taken refuge.

The cannon ball was a fuse shell, and fortunately for the terrified household, a heavy partition checked the force and the shell dropped into a kettle of lye, extinguishing the fuse and thereby saving the lives of the women and children.

With the ending of the battle, and the withdrawal of Gen. Cabell, Captain Harrison and his comrades gave aid to many of the Confederate wounded, bringing water, and helping them to more comfortable positions until they could be cared for by the army surgeons.

Because of the young officer's assistance to the wounded and dying and because of the services she was almost obliged to accept, the scornful rebel lady began to give some slight attention to the despised Yankee captain. He, in turn, let no advantage be lost and improved every opportunity to gain favor. His gallantry finally won. The dark eyes came to look smilingly into his, instead of scornfully past him. The curly head that had tossed disdainfully at his approach finally, one day, nestled on the shoulder of his blue uniform.

The North and South still fought on. But the young officer had gained a victory over the enemy. They slipped away and were married at the historic Jameson house in Fulton, Mo. Mary Jameson was Sallie's cousin.

When the war was over, they went to Fayetteville to make their home. The beauty of the hills never lost their thrill for the captain. And the romantic beginning of the courtship seemed to give color and excitement to the end of their sixty-five years together.

(Editor's Note: The Sallie Yeater Harrison, whose romance is told here, was a sister-in-law of Sarah Ellis Yeater, the author of the Civil War experience story in the August, 1966 issue of Flashback. Related also were Miss Laura Yeater of Fayetteville, remembered by many of our readers, and Edward A. Yeater of Winslow, WCHS member.)

- w c h s -

Mrs. W. B. Harp, 2551 North Holly Drive, Tracy, California, 95376 wants to find out about the great-grandfather of her husband William Harp, the father of a Lewis Harp, who was a corporal in the Civil War. The person sought was supposed to be John Harp, who married Nancy M. Vaughan Harp. Some of the Harps are buried in Madison county, others are listed in the 1830 and the 1850 Census of Washington county. Write to Mrs. Harp directly.

- w c h s -

LEVI W. AND MARTHA ROUTH
(from Goodspeed)

Levi W. Routh was born in North Carolina in 1833. His wife, whom he married in 1857, was Martha Josephine Boyd. Both were of English and German ancestry. Levi went to Texas when nineteen years of age and worked as a carpenter. He returned to North Carolina in 1856, was married in 1857 and farmed for some fifteen years. He was also a dealer in horses. Mr. Routh enlisted for service in the Confederate Army--the 46th North Carolina Regiment--and fought in many battles. He was wounded in the Battle of the Wilderness. A minie ball lodged in his face and neck, which disabled him for some time.

The Rouths settled at Hindsville in the 1870s, where for about ten years he operated a hotel and at the same time engaged in farming on land that bordered on War Eagle Creek. The Rouths were the parents of ten children, one of whom was Cora Routh (Mrs. T. C. Skaggs).

JOHN AND ELIZABETH TRUESDELL

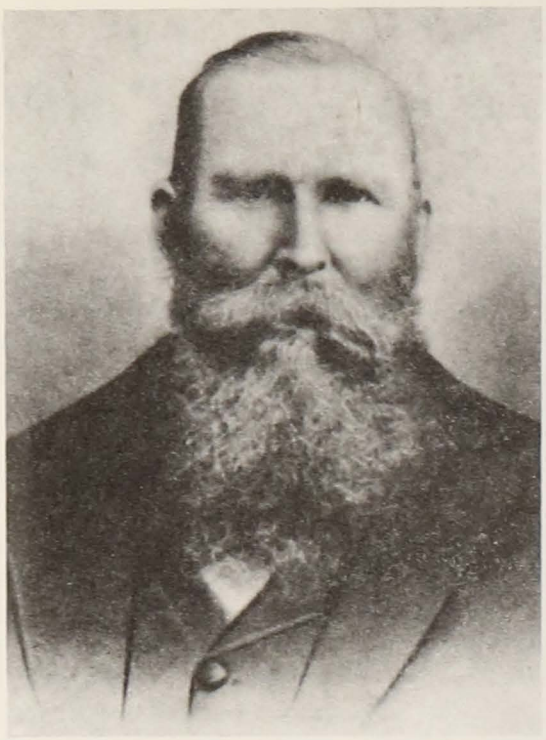
We are indebted to Miss Mary Gaither for the crayon portraits of her Truesdell great-grandparents. She writes: "All I know about them is what my mother, Lou Parker McClellan Gaither, told me. Mother was the youngest child of Evan White McClellan and Sarah Jane Truesdell. They--the Truesdells--had come from Indiana. John came to Arkansas as a man with money, but went broke before he died, mainly by going on promissory notes for he was an honest man, thinking everyone else was.

"I don't know much about their activities. They operated a mill, along the road south of Cane Hill, where the millwheel and roadside park is now, and I believe had a store and a tailor shop there also. They may have gone back to Indiana during the Civil War. One of their sons enlisted as a Union soldier. Great-grandmother was still living when White McClellan built the big house, for she lived with them.

They didn't want great-grandmother to sleep in her room alone, so it fell to my mother's lot to sleep in the room with her. Each night, great-grandmother would go to bed with the remark, "Not an ache, not a pain, thank the Lord." She lived to be about eighty, and was sick for only a short time before she passed away.

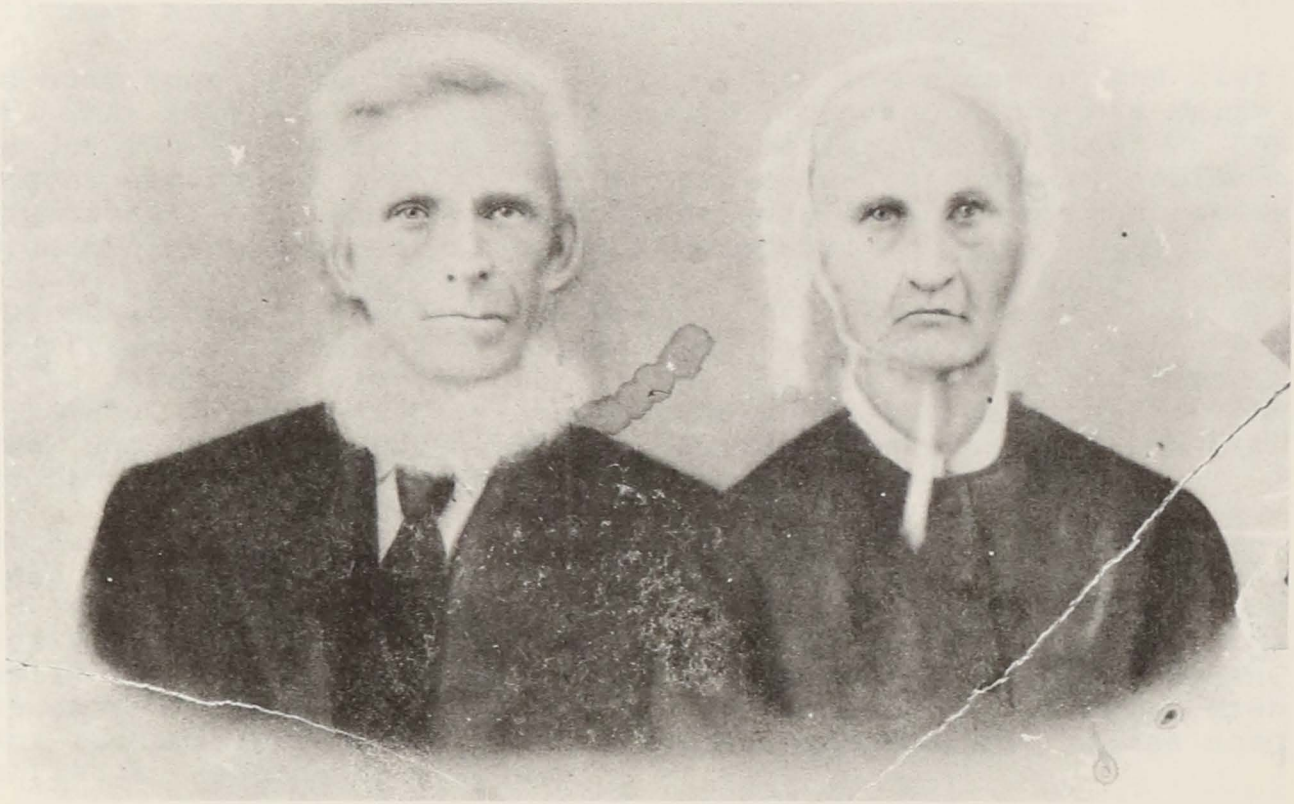
"This picture was lost for a long time, then Mrs. Ed Mills called me from Tulsa to say that she had found it while clearing out the attic. She was thinking it was a picture of Ed's grandparents on the McClellan side. But I am quite sure it is the picture of our Truesdell great-grandparents, for I do see a family resemblance."

Ellen Richardson's "Early Settlers" tells more about this family, but she spells the name "Trousdale." She agrees that "Old John" was the owner of the first mill; he was also a farmer and a merchant. The postoffice was called "Steam Mill" for a while, then Boonsboro. Sarah Jane, heroine of the Trousdale elopement story beginning on the next page, was the grandmother of Mary Gaither.



Levi W. and Martha Josephine (Boyd) Routh

Crayon portraits found when the house was demolished at 308 N. Highland, Fayetteville. Pictures from Dr. Robert R. Logan. See item on facing page.



John and Elizabeth (Harrington) Truesdell

Pioneers in the Cane Hill community. See item on facing page. Picture from great granddaughter, Mary Gaither.

A TROUSDALE ELOPEMENT

(from "Early Settlers of Cane Hill" by Ellen Earle Richardson)

When the Trousdales' young daughter, Sarah Jane, was a little less than 15 years old, she and young Mr. Kirby made plans for an elopement, knowing the father would not consent to his daughter's marrying so young. Col. John McClellan's son White and some other young friends were to help the young couple get away. The young men were to come down the road to the place about where the mill dam is now, and while some stayed there with the horses, others would go toward the house, near which they were to find the young lady wearing a white dress and standing under a certain apple tree.

It so happened that a certain young clerk in the Trousdale store learned of the plans and thought this was not the right thing to do. Moreover, he had a liking for the girl himself. So he told the father of the plans, and the father made some plans of his own. He locked the girl in her room and when the proper time came, he wrapped a sheet around him and went to stand under the apple tree. The young men came, left some of the party with the horses at the creek, then Mr. Kirby and one or two others crossed Jordan and went toward the house and the apple tree. As they approached, one man noticed that the figure standing at the specified place was rather tall. He took a closer look and then he and the others turned and ran. Mr. Trousdale ran, too, soon caught one of them and recognized him. Indignantly he said, "Jim McColloch, this will come home to you."

And come home to him it did. Shortly after the close of the Civil War, when sectional bitterness was still running high, his daughter Jerusha ran away and married Jim Wheeler, a soldier in the Federal army, and her father, a deep-dyed Confederate, couldn't help himself. It was a bitter experience for him and he remembered the rebuke given him by Mr. Trousdale.

Boys could make jokes then as well as now, and one of those who fled from the orchard that night, told afterwards that when they got to Jordan on the way back to the waiting friends and horses, Mr. Kirby, an unusually tall man, stumbled at the east bank of the creek and fell straight across to the west bank, so that the others ran over his body as over a bridge.

So there was no elopement, and to guard against the danger of another attempt, Mr. Trousdale took the family on a visit to Indiana and left the girl with her grandmother for a while. She did get married, though, after she was more grown up, and this time the family offered no objection. The bridegroom was White McClellan, one of the friends who had gone to the apple tree to help Sarah Jane run away with another man. And as for Mr. Kirby, he was soon married to Rebecca Coulter...

THE YOES (OR COLLIER) CEMETERY

by Lyda Winn Pace

This interesting cemetery lies in the extreme southern part of Washington county, on top of Signal Mountain, about two miles west of Winslow. In pioneer days it was known as the Yoes cemetery--it was started when a child of Jacob and Mary Reed Yoes died.

They set aside a plot of gfound on their homestead north of the house for a burying ground. Jacob Yoes went south of the mountain and brought back seedling pines in his saddlebags, and set them out near the little grave. Not until recent years have there been any other pines growing in this section, so these old ones tower above the surrounding trees.

For the past seventy or seventy-five years the property has been owned by the N. J. Collier family, hence it is now generally known as the "Collier Cemetery." It is the final resting place of many prominent citizens of early Winslow. Such names as Yoes, Woolum, Center, Caughman, Sharp, Harris, Young, J. H. Smith, and many others are seen on the tombstones.

One unique stone that has attracted much attention through the years is that of Alfred Caughman, born Jan. 3, 1826, died Mar. 23, 1875. The inscription on the stone is:

"He was a man who in an early day
Killed over a thousand deer,
He did truthfully say.

"He was born a frontiersman's son
But at last he had to give up his life
And his gun."

A post, with the antlers of a deer attached, stood by the side of the stone for many years. Alfred Caughman was the grandfather of the Centers: Harrison, Lilburn, Alice, and Roosevelt; and the great-grandfather of Marvin Anderson, all of Winslow.

- w c h s -

Mrs. Glen Terhune, 873 Santos St., Abilene, Texas writes: "Thanks to all the people who give so much time and talent in the work of putting out such an interesting magazine. From this distance it is certainly appreciated."

- w c h s -

Harold Hatzfeld of Aurora, Missouri, member of W C H S, and art director for the Ozarks Mountaineer, sends in his renewal "for another year in your truly great society... I do not want to miss a single issue of Flashback..."

- w c h s -

ZION METHODIST CHURCH: A PARTIAL HISTORY

by Thomas Rothrock

(Editor's Note: We are glad to publish this history of the Zion Methodist Church--a church that had its beginning more than 100 years ago. But the author, Tom Rothrock, has also given us an account of how this church, through one of its former members, has established the tradition of Anniversary Homecomings. A story of these anniversaries will appear in an early issue of Flashback.)

Historic Zion Methodist Church is located seven and one-half miles northeast of Fayetteville and five miles southeast of Springdale in Prairie Township, Washington county, Arkansas. As is the case with institutions where few official records are available, its history is somewhat vague in spots. During 1848-1850 a log cabin with a dirt floor was built about one and one-half miles east of the present church building on land referred to as either the Lemon's place or the Rariden farm. Seats for the congregation were of split logs which also doubled as desks for young pupils who attended the community's first school.

The church was organized in 1850 under the leadership of the Rev. John S. McCarver as pastor. A better place of worship was badly needed, so on land donated by Lee (or James) Blakemore, the main portion of the present building was erected, the bond of title being granted to William H. Cardwell, Richard W. Cardwell, Johnson N. Roberts, James Ford, and William H. Eidson as trustees.

Stones for the foundation were quarried nearby. Sills were hewn from sturdy oaks growing on the grounds. Other materials were hauled from the Van Winkle mill on Far Eagle River over rough dirt roads. A neat little chapel was completed in 1857 which still stands in good condition as the main portion of the present building. The doors with bullet holes reminiscent of the Civil War have been replaced, and the entrance put on the east side of the building, whereas the old entrance was to the west. Two small additions have been made, and various repairs such as asbestos siding, new roofs, and so on.

Known charter members were Richard W. Cardwell and wife, William H. Cardwell and wife, William H. Eidson and wife, David Willeford and wife, James Ford and wife, Mary J. Routh (or Ruth), Wilson Cage and wife, Johnson N. Roberts. In addition to the foundi g pastor, John S. McCarver, other earlier pastors were Josiah A. Williams, Thomas Stanford, Jordan Banks, J. W. Shook, H. M. Granade, William Mathis, E. J. Dawn, J. M. Clayton, W. T. Wainwright, James A. Walden, T. J. Smith, J. Roberts, J. F. Hall, David Sturdy, James A. Anderson, William Mathews. These earlier circuit riders rode long distances in all conditions of weather and roads. In the 1880's the Zion Methodist Church, South, had a congregation of about 50 members, and the building was valued at $500.00.

On July 17, 1886, a boy of 16 years, William Sherman, was granted a license to preach the Gospel at the Grandview Methodist Church, South, on the heights above Clear Creek and Greathouse Springs in

Washington County. To quote the Rev. William Sherman himself: "I entered the pulpit, as a prospective minister, the first time at Zion Church, five miles northeast of Fayetteville and concluded a service. At the time I helped conduct that first service at the Zion Church, W. C. Mathews was the church's pastor. I preached my first sermon on July 25, 1886 in a little combination church-schoolhouse known as 'Webster's Chapel' located about one and a half miles west of Elm Springs on the road leading to Thornsberry Camp Ground. My text was Matthew 5:16." Will Sherman became a respected and well-known pastor.

Previous to the time when Washington County provided public education, a number of private schools were taught in the Zion Church building. John Phillips and then A. J. Hale taught in the schools, the latter in 1867. From 1884 to 1890, the building was used for public schools, some teachers being J. R. Moneyhun, Mack Davis and Miss Emma Hale. During 1897 a portion of the church land was transferred to the school district, and a one-room school built with another room added later.

About 1898 William H. Eidson deeded land to the Zion Church for a cemetery, his wife being the first person to be buried there. Starting in March, 1917 the cemetery has been well-cared for by an organized association of women. By 1940 the deep wounds from our tragic Civil War were sufficiently healed for American Methodism North and South to become <u>One</u>.

It was during 1942 that Zion Church first became inactive. Five years later on May 4, 1947 there was a reorganization, the church then becoming the newest and yet one of the oldest, Methodist churches in the Fayetteville District. The pastor at the time of this reorganization was the Rev. Richard Whitman who had preached his first sermon at the Zion Church. The members of the Board of Trustees were Edmund Blakemore, O. E. Williams, C. L. Dodd. On the Board of Stewards were Orien H. Dodd, chairman; Mrs. Jewell Jackson, secretary-treasurer; Guy Stults, Mrs. Robert Overton, and Mrs. Helen Murphy. The Sunday School superintendent was Orien H. Dodd. Following some eight years of more or less successful operations, the church again became inactive, the Rev. Sam Auslam of Springdale being the last pastor for the period.

Many charter and early members sleep in the cemetery which slopes northward from the churchyard. In regard to those who have died in more recent years and who were either members or their predecessors were members, a record shows the following names: Rev. William Sherman, 1959; Joe Murphy, 1961; Rev. Ellis Plumlee, 1961; A. N. Shively, 1962; Jewel Jackson, 1965; Polk Bookout, 1965; Otto Cardwell, 1966; Toy Lindley, 1966; Myrtle A. Powers, 1967; Clara Bookout, 1967; Mrs. Joe Johnson, January 1968; Robert Eidson; Geo. Shaw; Grover Couch; Harry Harp; Nell Kantz. Where no dates are given, the compiler of this historical article does not know the time of death.

And now, as regards official records, we do have a Quarterly Conference book, years 1882-1886, for the Methodist Episcopal Church,

South, Springdale Charge, Fayetteville District, Arkansas Conference; and we will give those items found in it which pertain to the Zion Church.

The first Quarterly Conference for the conference year 1882-1883 was held at Springdale on December 23, 1882. S. H. Babcock was Presiding Elder and W. H. Corley was Pastor in Charge. "Brother W. J. Roberts asked to be relieved as steward at Zion which failed to carry."

The fourth Quarterly Conference was held at Grandview on September 29, 1883. For that quarter the Zion Church raised $20.50 for support of the ministry; the whole Charge raising $154.86. The churches listed in this record book as belonging to the Springdale Charge were Springdale, Elm Springs, Grandview, Sycamore Springs, Ebenezer, Zion, Gearing Chapel, Farmington, Hazel Valley. Charge membership was reported to be about 400. W. H. Corley, Pastor in Charge, reports: "Since the last Quarterly Conf., the Church has been blest with a good degree of revival power at two points--Zion and Elm Springs, especially, we have had a most gracious and Somewhat extensive revival resulting in over 40 professions of faith."

The Second Quarterly Conference for the conference year 1883-1884 was held at Zion Church on March 15, 1884; S. H. Babcock, Presiding Elder, W. H. Corley, Pastor in Charge.

At the fourth Quarterly Conference held at Elm Springs on November 1, 1884, W. J. Roberts, J. E. Blakemore, W. H. Eidson from Zion were elected as stewards for the ensuing conference year. W. J. Roberts was elected superintendent for the Zion Sunday School. W. H. Corley, Pastor in Charge, reports that the Zion and Elm Springs Sunday Schools have suspended operations. Springdale, Grandview and Ebenezer "still live but doing little."

At the first Quarterly Conference for the 1884-1885 conference year held at Springdale on November 29, 1884, J. A. Walden, Pastor in Charge, reports: "The Zion (Sunday) School is reported to me as Sung to death by a Singing master."

At the second Quarterly Conference held at Grandview on April 11, 1885, J. A. Walden, Pastor in Charge, reports: "Zion Church has a good Sunday School with a Small Supply of Sunday School literature I and one-half dozen Little People and one dozen Intermediate Quarterlies. Attendance 45. Ebenezer (has) the best supply of literature." J. E. Blakemore took the place of W. G. Pruner on the Board of Trustees from the Zion Church.

At the fourth Quarterly Conference held at Elm Springs on September 26, 1885, for the Zion Church, Moses Anderson was elected to the Board of Trustees to replace W. J. Roberts; Moses Anderson was elected as a steward for the ensuing conference year; J. R. Moneyhun was elected Sunday School superintendent. J. A. Walden, Pastor in Charge, reports: "Zion (Sunday) School has been running since January. They have enrolled about 50 scholars and 5 officers and teachers, average attendance for the year 25."

The first Quarterly Conference for the 1885-1886 conference year was held at Zion on January 23, 1886; with James A. Anderson as Presiding Elder and B. C. Mathews as Pastor in Charge.

The second Quarterly Conference was also held at Zion on April 24, 1886.

The third Quarterly Conference was held at Grandview on July 17, 1886. William Sherman was licensed to preach the Gospel on that day. Hesakiah Braswell was licensed to preach on the same day. B. C. Mathews, Pastor in Charge, reports: "Everything has glided along smoothly. Save one or two complaints of a Brother being bitten by the worm of a Still and the rustling of the wind in the Preachers Flour Barrel. Zion has enjoyed a gracious revival. Twelve Souls have Found Peace with God and Eleven have Joined the Church, to wit Robert Poinsel, Ellie Pattent, Kate Vinson, Cyntha Eidson, Belle Cardwell, Jennie Blakemore, Frank Cardwell, Oscar Cardwell, Claudius Cardwell, and Edmond L. Blakemore. Old Sister Trott. Trotted in and trotted out and has now gone from the Methodist Church, South, without a doubt."

(Editor's Note: As stated at the beginning of this article, the story of the Anniversary Homecomings at Zion Methodist Church will appear in a later issue.)

- w c h s -

Mrs. Barbara E. Pruente, Box 164, Verona, Mo. has never lived in Fayetteville, but her dad was born here, and she is "very fond of Flashback, and hope to continue receiving it for many years... I believe that Washington County is where our family members came from long ago." Then she asks about Ed Biggs, who married Evvie Bassore. Can anyone help on this? Also help with information about Brainard Mitchell. He died and was buried at Fayetteville about 1947. He may have taught at the University of Arkansas.

- w c h s -

Mrs. Gladys Alexander, Burnet, Tex., compliments Flashback on the "splendid issues for 1967," and tells how her back numbers helped in the Texas floods: "Texas has had rain, and on the days we could not get out for the icy water in the air and underfoot, we sat by the fire and went through the stack of Flashbacks--old ones but always interesting... I wouldn't take anything for them..."

- w c h s -

Mrs. John F. Anderson, 2211 West Shawnee, Muskogee, Okla. writes: "Dear Mr. Lemke, I am a new member of the Washington County Historical Society, and I want to take time to tell you just how much I have enjoyed your publication... I purchased the back issues for 1966 and 1967--they are all great... Now I am looking for descendants of Rev. Benjamin H. Pierson, who was my great, great grandfather..."

- w c h s -

Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni, "Poet Laureate" in the study of her home at 617 W. Lafayette St., Fayetteville.

SOUTHERN TOWN

The town is proud of its progress
Proud of its five paved highways leading into it,
Its five factories with fenestra windows,
Its stop signs, parking meters, new fire siren
And the pulsing neon broadwide
On the new movie house.
The town is going places, eyes to the future

But the natives, the old-timers,
Who live in red brick houses
With magnolia trees hugging the south wall
Are proud of a certain door, in a
Certain house, down a certain street.
They take visitors past it, pointing to it —
The door which bears bullet holes
Fired from Union rifles.

—Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

CARDWELL FAMILY NOTES

by Robert D. Plumlee

(Editor's Note: The Cardwell name shows up in Washington county history--landowners, early settlers, Civil War soldiers, and ardent supporters of the Methodist church. Therefore we are pleased to have these notes from a descendant, Robert Plumlee, 1440 North Rosedale, Tulsa, Okla., 74127.)

Richard W. Cardwell was a Methodist minister, born in Virginia, lived for a time in Tennessee, and removed to Washington County, Tennessee. In 1839 Richard and his son Hosea and their wives were the owners of 440 acres of land in Sections 25 and 26, Township 17 N, Range 30 West. This is some three miles north of Fayetteville. (The Cardwells deeded about 8 acres of their land, for the nominal sum of $25, to a board of trustees for Gehring's Chapel and Cemetery.) Three generations of Cardwells rest in the Gehring's Chapel Cemetery.

The Richard Cardwell children married into such well-known families as Trammel, Gregg, Williford, Banks, and Pleasants. (Hosea Cardwell and wife Rachel were among the charter members of the Methodist church in Fayetteville, founded in 1832.) William Cardwell married Delaney Gregg about 1842. She was the daughter of Henry and Mary (Murrell) Gregg. One of their sons, Thomas A. Cardwell, enlisted at age 17 as a private in Co. E, 1st Battalion (Stirman's) Arkansas Cavalry. He was captured at Vicksburg, July 4, 1863.

Thomas wrote numerous letters from the battlefields, a few of which are noted here:

"Camp near Abbyville, Miss., Dec. 9, 1861. We are expecting an attack from the enemy soon. We have been working day and night throwing up breastworks on Tally Hatche River where we expect to give them battle... You had better sell my horse for I don't expect we will ever be mounted again. We were ordered to send for our horses a few weeks ago, and Lt. Davis sent his pass to the General to be signed and it never was returned. Yesterday Gen. Timbleton wrote to Col. Stirman that there was already more cavalry serving than was needed and that he could not mount us now. They have mounted Jones and Ross's and Whitfields, but lets the Arks. walk...

"March 27, 1862. I would like to come home and see you but I don't expect I will get to come soon as it seems they can't get along without us. We have been picketts for the whole arme ever since we have been with it. The major curses them but it don't do any good.

"Camp Pritchard, Miss., Mar. 31, 1862. We are on guard about half the time and the rest of the time we are on fatigue duty blockading Big Black River. We are expecting a big fight here soon. We hear the cannon at Vicksburg nearly every day. We are getting tired waiting for old Rip to have us relieved."

MUSEUMS SUPPORTED BY W C H S MEMBERS

by Deane G. Carter

Headquarters House, soon to be dedicated in Fayetteville as a Civil War memorial, headquarters, home and museum, is an example of the revival of interest in the heritage of the past, and the determination to preserve the remaining sites and the materials of our historic past. This project has the support of the Washington County Historical Society as a whole, with committees in charge of the different phases of development. This program calls to mind the several museums or memorials in the county, and in Arkansas, with which members of our own Washington County society are associated. There may be others besides the ones listed here; if so, we would like to hear about them.

One--the Arkansas Post county museum--has been sponsored from the beginning by the Arkansas County Museum Association of which WCHS member, Cleon Collier, is the president. The Arkansas Post museum is written up in the Arkansas Democrat of March 24, 1968. It memorializes the historic site first established in 1686 by DeTonti "an impressive five-unit complex spread over 2.6 acres, built in the tradition of the 19th century" and with contents ranging from home and household furniture and tools, to prehistoric artifacts, books, curios, and items of historical interest.

Back to the local scene, Alvin Seamster's privately-owned museum is one of the most complete. It is just east of the Pea Ridge Battlefield Park, on Highway 62 east of Rogers. Besides the displays, mainly on the Civil War, Mr. Seamster has many objects from the surrounding area. And he is an expert on Civil War history, especially of the Pea Ridge battle.

The Pea Ridge Battlefield National Park, represented on our membership roll by the Historian, is being developed by the rehabilitation of the land, rebuilding of the Elkhorn Tavern, and with extensive displays in the headquarters building. Then at Prairie Grove, Fred McCuistion, WCHS, and others have sponsored the State-supported Battlefield Park and the Hindman Memorial. Hester Davis of the Arkansas Archeological Survey, also a member, has her office in the University of Arkansas museum, where a most complete display of Indian prehistoric materials is kept.

In Springdale, the city is developing a "Shiloh Museum" based in large measure on the collections of the late Judge Guy Howard. Mrs. L. W. Searcy and J. C. Cagle, WCHS members, are on the board charged with the museum program. Finally, the most complete museum of Indian artifacts--prehistoric and historic--is the property of Zel H. Doan, whose new building with its displays is located south of Dutch Mills, on Highway 59. The Doans have been active members of the WCHS.

The listing of these museums suggests a tour that should be rewarding: Start from Fayetteville with its Headquarters House and the University museum; to Prairie Grove and Dutch Mills to the southwest; then back to Springdale, then the Pea Ridge Battlefield Park and Seamster museum east of Rogers.

THE BATES NAME COMES TO WASHINGTON COUNTY IN 1830

(Editor's Note: Through the courtesy of Mrs. Kate H. Parker of San Augustine, Texas, we have a typescript of a letter written by Joseph Young Bates in 1912 to his brother, T. L. Bates of Fayetteville. T. L. Bates was a long-time teacher in the Fayetteville schools and the Bates Elementary School at the high school campus is named for him. The letter contains some valuable early history. The patriarch of the Bates clan in Washington County was Henderson A. Bates, father of the writer of the letter. Henderson A. Bates is buried in Cane Hill cemetery. Several of his descendants, including the late J. Steve Bates, Earle Bates and Joe Bates, were active members of our historical society for many years. Mrs. Parker, who sent us the copy of the Joseph Young Bates letter, is a great-granddaughter of Henderson A. Bates. She also is a member of our Society. - WJL)

Corsicana, Texas
January 2, 1912

Mr. T. L. Bates
Fayetteville, Arkansas

Your letter of the 27th Ult. received in due time. We can assure you it was a pleasant surprise and has many points that are suggestive. It has put me into a retrospective mood. I have not the strength to write, and you would not have the patience to read, one-tenth of what has passed thru my mind since reading your letter. I have neither the strength or flexibility in my hands to write a letter that could be easily read.

I do not know whether or not you were ever told of the struggles our father (Henderson Andrew Bates) had in the early part of his married life with poverty and misfortune.

Before leaving Tennessee, he bought a barrel of whiskey and sold it retail. Made something over one hundred dollars. He had an older brother (Uncle Russell) who lived in Independence County, Arkansas, not far from Batesville. He (father) came down the Tennessee River on a flat boat to the Ohio, down that river to the Mississippi, from there to Memphis. From there to Uncle Russell's afoot and alone through the swamps. While at Uncle Russell's, he met Cyrus Gilbreath and wife, who had been married a short time before. They, Gilbreath and wife, were coming to Washington county where Father wanted to come. Father bought a fine horse from Uncle Russell, for which he paid one hundred dollars, which left him with but little money.

The trip from Tennessee to Arkansas was made in the fall of 1829. After reaching Washington County he made the acquaintance of several families, Grandfather Miller's and Uncle Peter Pyeatt's with others. He made the selection for his home (the English place), and in February following (1830) was married to Nancy Scott Miller, a sister of Uncle Peter Pyeatt's wife.

He borrowed the money to enter his land from old Uncle Jacob Pyeatt, who was Uncle Peter's father and Great Grandfather of Charley,

your half-brother. -- Allow me to side-track long enough to say a few words about this man, Jacob Pyeatt. He moved to Arkansas one hundred years ago last year. He was taken sick at Bethlehem camp ground 67 years ago last summer. He was brought to our father's home where he died a few days later. I was between four and five years old. He had the same trouble our father had for a year before he died. This was the first death that I ever saw. It made such a vivid impression on my mind that the expression of his face and sounds of his groans are with me yet.

Back to the story. -- Father rented land on the south end of Cane Hill, about one mile or more from his land, made a crop. He then devoted his time to improving his own land. He turned his fine horse out so he could feed himself. He foundered on acorns and died. He then bought an unbroken horse from Uncle Peter Pyeatt. In an effort to teach him to lead, the horse reared back and fell, breaking his neck. These misfortunes he regarded as judgments sent upon him for selling whiskey to make money to start on.

The money he borrowed from Uncle Jacob must have been nearly ten years before I was born. When the last of the money was paid I was old enough to take note of the transaction.

This was about the time that the California gold fever broke out in 1849. He had made a good crop the year before and had plenty of bacon and flour to sell. A number of emigrants bought their supplies from him when they started for California.

Our father's education was limited but there was no one in that country that sacrificed more than he did to give his children an education. Notwithstanding his hard struggles in the early days, his rigid honesty and industry commanded the good will of the community in which he lived. He was often selected for the grand jury and was always presiding officer of the elections in Vineyard Township. He held to high ideals and taught his children to regard themselves as good as the children of anyone in the community.

Of our original family, there were nine: I, being the center or pivot of the family, two brothers and two sisters older, two brothers and two sisters younger than myself. We all inherited fairly good common sense. We were blessed with good pious parents, grandparents, uncles and aunts. Four of our uncles were preachers, two of father's brothers and two of mother's brothers. Father's brothers did not live in that country. All of the kin there were noted for their piety and good morals. So we had a fairly good foundation for character building, considering the newness of the country and the opportunities offered. My sisters were all good. Three of them now saints in Heaven, the other only waiting for the call to come Home. Sister Addie, an invalid all her life, near a half century, deprived of an education or social intercourse. The patience and fortitude with which she endured her suffering marked her character as sublime. Sister Lizzie's eyes were injured by a flash of lightning when she was about 14 years old, seriously interfering with her education. I think it was several years that she was unable to study or read.

My brothers were all good, but for a uniform constant life, brother Russell, I think, was in the lead. For progress in studies while in school, Brother Frank and Sister Maggie could lead the balance of the family with ease.

Well, I guess this is enough about the family, perhaps more than you wanted. But the lapse of time between the oldest brother, Frank, and the youngest, yourself, might be of some interest to you.

About 1850 father had paid off all of his debts and had a few hundred dollars ahead. He then made his plans for the education of his children, rented a house near New Town where the Female Seminary was located. Moved all of the family up there except he and I and one negro woman servant he kept to cook and wash for us. When Saturday evening would come around Father would saddle the horse and go to see how Mother and the children were getting along. Joe (myself) had to remain at home and look after the farm and stock till he came back.

When school closed the folks would come home for the summer. I remained on the farm and worked for six years; was not in school one day from the time I was nine years old till I was fifteen. Right here I will tell you I was the meanest one of all, stubborn, hard to control, and got the idea that I was not getting a square deal by being kept out of school so long. Sister Mary used to tell me that if Mother had a favorite child it was Joe. I think, however, that Mother knew that I behaved worse than any of the children and needed a Mother's watchful care and advice more than the others. From 1854 to 1857 I had all the school advantages that were possible for Father to give.

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You asked me if I knew (Albert) Pike. I never had the pleasure of an introduction to him, but saw him often on the streets of Little Rock and about his home. I remember when I was about nine years old, he and Roane fought a duel but do not remember the cause of the encounter. I never read any of his productions except quotations from him and his writings on Masonic jurisprudence. He is the patron saint of Masonry. His reputation along this line is world-wide. He was appointed by the Confederate government to make a treaty with the Choctaw and Chickasha Indians. I read the treaty as composed by him. It was a fine piece of work.

Albert Pike was a striking figure, with his long white hair falling in ringlets down on his shoulders, his long grey beard extending nearly across his chest, and of great length, making one think of the Patriarchs of Old. Your reference to Pike's "Every Year" brings very forcibly to my mind the near approach of the end of my earthly career, having passed the seventy-second milepost in the journey of life and still an unprofitable servant in the vineyard of the Lord. Our lives are not measured by the length of days and years, but by the sacrifices we make and the service we give to our Creator while we live on the earth. His goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our lives.

Now, Tom, I am going to close. You will notice that I commenced this on January 2nd, and this is the night of the 31st. Have suffered so much with rheumatism it has been impossible for me to write at all, at times. Hope you will pardon me for using pencil. .....With much love to your family and all of the kin up there, I remain affectionately,

Your brother,

Joseph Young Bates

- w c h s -

Query: I would like to hear from members of William Stirman, b. 1783, d. 1849, married Sarah Willis, b. 1788, d. 1860. Lived in Arkansas, had children married into families of Pollard, Fry, Newberry, White and Shepard. Need the family data to complete the families of this family. Appreciate any information anyone has to offer.

Anna Stearman Howell
441 Pence Street
Columbus, Ind. 47201

- w c h s -

Mrs. G. V. Hunter, 410 G St., N. W., Ardmore, Okla. is a new member of our Society, gift of her daughter Ouida Hunter Harkreader. These people are on the trail of their Washington County ancestors--the Mankins and the Ballards. Mrs. Hunter is a daughter of Lucy Ballard and granddaughter of Mary Rachel Elizabeth (Mankins) Ballard. She would be happy to hear from relatives, near and far, who might exchange information.

- w c h s -

On the Trail of the Cowboy Song. In the February 1968 Flashback, we printed a verse from a faded, pencil-tablet copy dated 1888, which turns out to be an 80-year old parody on a song called "The State of Arkansas." The original is reproduced in a book titled "Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads" by John and Alan Lomax, and published in 1910, revised edition 1966; by the Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York. The music edited by Edward N. Waters, Music Division, Library of Congress. Our sample verse went like this:

"My name is Bill Stafford,
I was born in Buffalo town."

The original reads:

"My name is Sanford Barnes,
I come from Nobleville town."

It is nice to have a WCHS member who is associated with the American Library Association to help out with the foregoing information. It is from Ouida Hunter Harkreader.

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OPERATION BIG BORE: THE WINSLOW TUNNEL

(Editor's Note: The article which follows is a condensation of a story in the Frisco magazine "All Aboard" for January, 1968, copy courtesy of WCHS member, M. H. Hudson. The tunnel has been a factor in Washington county history for eighty years or more, from the time the Frisco went through the county; when the smallpox epidemic was blamed on the workmen brought in to build the tunnel; to the families who settled in the Ozarks after the work was done; and up to the recent issue--November 1967--of Flashback which carried a picture of the old tunnel.)

Back in 1880 a railroad engineer working for the Missouri, Arkansas and Southern Railway Company made a decision to cut through the top of an Arkansas mountain rather than to go miles around it. The decision was a sound one and when the then St. Louis and San Francisco Railway Company acquired the line in 1882, it completed the burrowing operation--linking the Ft. Smith, Arkansas area with Frisco's main line at Monett, Missouri.

The tunnel and the town that formed around it was named in honor of Edward F. Winslow, president of the Frisco between 1880 and 1889. Winslow lies 20 miles south of Fayetteville and approximately 40 miles north of Ft. Smith.

It is a rare sort of tunnel, completely lined throughout its 1726-foot length with brick, laid by meticulous craftsmen of another day, to wall thicknesses as great as four feet. It has stood the test of time like the Rock of Gibraltar, but it is too small to pass the higher, wider loads of modern railroading, and now it is being enlarged and relined with concrete.

From the top of the rail, the old tunnel measures 19 feet in height and is 14 feet wide. When construction operations are completed, it will be a roomy 24 feet in height and 18 feet wide. A maximum of 150 feet of cover lies atop the bore in its straight route through a shale ridge in the very center of the little town of Winslow (population: 180).

Ideal kiln-like curing conditions for brick and mortar have existed within the 85-year-old tunnel, and as a result the lining is so tough that it comes free only in massive chunks after being drilled and blasted during the tunnel-enlarging process. In many places there are old timbers and loose rock that were used for "backpacking" behind the brick, which created voids and have allowed the natural shale surrounding the lining to deteriorate through air-slaking. In these void areas, shale frequently falls out with the brick from cavities as great as 15 feet above the neat finish line of the tunnel.

The story goes on to relate how the new lining of concrete and steel is placed by the most modern methods: steel ribs 4 or 8 in. thick set on four-foot centers, a web of reinforcing steel almost an inch in diameter, and a thickness of this reinforced concrete varying from three to four feet in thickness. This 9-month, 1½-million dollar project is to be finished in late April, 1968.

NEW YEAR; NEW OFFICERS; NEW PLANS; NEW PLACE

The eighteenth year of your Washington County Historical Society began with several changes, but in one respect there was unanimous agreement--that Flashback is our first and most important responsibility. We have one of the largest, continuously-published, widely read, county quarterlies among historical societies. And this must be continued. And we could use several articles about events, families, or little-known happenings out of our past, especially with a good picture or two.

The office was moved from the old Center Street upstairs rooms to the Tebbetts House on East Dickson, just east of the new Southwestern Power Company building. Come up the drive west of the Tebbetts house and park wherever you can--there will be adequate places later on. The west room is the new office; other rooms will be restored to much the same style as they were in the Tebbetts days, as described by Marian Baynes, the Tebbetts daughter who wrote the book about her father, the second part of which appears in this issue. See her picture on another page.

"Headquarters" is defined as "The quarters of any chief officer--the center of operations and of authority." So Headquarters House, as the Tebbetts House is now designated, is intended to denote the center of the military authority that occupied the house in the days of the Civil War. Of course, it is the headquarters (without the capital letter) of the Historical Society.

Officers for 1968: Tom Feathers, president; Powell Rhea, vice-president; Davis P. Richardson, secretary-treasurer; and W. J. Lemke, editor. These, together with eight elected members, make up the Board of Directors. Holdovers: Ruth Morris, George Caudle, LLoyd McConnell. Newly-elected are Russell Broyles, Harold Henson, Mrs. A. D. Donat, Mrs. Donald Parks, and Mrs. Tom Lavender. A number of committees have been appointed to do the necessary work on the Headquarters House and assist with the usual duties in the society.

A Half-Ton of Flashbacks went into the bulk mailings of Flashback in 1967. Being a non-profit corporation, 1967 issues were mailed for $80. The new postage rates will add about $20 to the bill this year. But if we had mailed the recent February 1968 Flashback under regular postage as third class material, the bill would have been $89.60 for the one number.

Report your change of address, even to another house number on the same street. The post office will not forward our economy mailings and they are not compelled to give the new address. It costs at least 14¢ to redeem the returned number, then 14 cents more to send on to the new address. Plus an envelope.

Our Dues are $3.00 a year, in spite of the increases on all sides, and we intend to keep the same rate as long as we can. We gain by prompt payment of dues, correct addresses, bringing in new members, buying the booklets on special subjects, and once in a while a donation.

OUR ADDRESS: Post Office Box 237, Fayetteville, Arkansas, 72701